MOTHER EARTH

ol. X. July, 1915 No. 5

I AM THE STATE!

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CONTENTS

Resist All Evil
Paul Eldridge 161

Observations and Comments 162

Labor on Trial
Alexander Berkman 166

Rally to the Defense of Caplan and Schmidt! 168

Concerning Atrocities
James Peter Warbasse 172

Italy Also!
E. Malatesta 175

The Press
Michael A. Cohn, M.D. 178

Free Speech in San Diego
George Edwards 182

Agitation en Voyage
Emma Goldman 185

The Flies in the Market-Place
Friedrich Nietzsche 188

Limitation of Offspring (review) 191

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RESIST ALL EVIL

By PAUL ELDRIDGE.

"RESIST not evil!"
How well indeed for scoundrels!
Slaves, your backs shall bend beneath their whip in joy,
And pray it grow the stronger and the sharper,
To prove you worthy martyrs to a tyrant's adage!
O glittering words!
O bitter warfare clad in peace!
O Satan—smile beneath a god's decree!

"Resist not evil."
That evil grow luxuriant,
And they who perpetrate it, grow rich and strong,
Till changed shall be the dictum—
"Fools, ye can't resist the evil!"

I say—"Resist all evil!"
Your cheek unturned, strike back the blow,
The sword by sword shall answer!
"Resist all evil!"
Till evil hands fall leaden,
And evil hearts turn dust!

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE comedy of Law! It is robust, slapstick, farcical, Gargantuan. For silly season literature commend us to the New York *Law Journal,* which summarizes the law forbidding the use of a tenement house in New York City for the purposes of prostitution,—a wise and witty law, forsooth, that has now been upheld by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. This amendment was passed at the instigation of that highly moral Committee of Fourteen in 1913, and was inserted in that section of the law which provides that no tenement house or its premises shall be used for a stable or for storing rags, and that "no horse, cow, calf, swine, sheep, or goat shall be kept in a tenement house or on the same lot." The amendment places the poor prostitute in the same class! Human, just, considerate, suggestive. How much an "amendment" increases our respect for the Law! One can hardly find words strong enough to express our admiration for the cunning wisdom of such a law, which automatically abolishes prostitution in New York City. One can depend on the faithful police department to enforce it without the slightest suspicion of graft—of course! Such a wonderful step not only completely purifies poor old New York, but reveals the Law in its true light.

* * *

YOU must understand that I must see blood and cut flesh," the alleged "Jack the Ripper" wrote to the mother of one of his child victims of the East Side. This statement might well be taken as the slogan of the man-hunters of the New York police and the rest of the energetic supporters of American "Law and Order." Frank Tanenbaum's revelations in *The Masses* of the Blackwell's Island tortures, the expose of the cruelties of organized charity, the slow lingering punishment of the child victims of the municipality of New York suffering on Randall Island, lead one to the inevitable conclusion that a "Jack the Ripper" is of the same intrinsic character as those healthy parasites who revel in the infliction of torture and cruelty. The "Ripper" is but one of the significant products of our Christian society, an inevitable victim of the murderous morality promulgated

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by those criminal clergymen who are paid for their smug lies by the Rockefellers and other American capitalists who have subsidized the Church to deodorize their stench.

* * *

EVEN the long suffering public of New York City is finally awakened to the tragic farce of its police department. So busy are its detectives manufacturing crime—as in the Abarno and Carbone case—planning pretty disguises, and entrapping victims, that they have time for nothing else. Under their very noses the Borough Hall and Bronx Court House have been blown up, probably while the police were busy planning more church "explosions"! Typical of the absurdity of police activity in New York is the revelation of a distressed "taxpayer," made in a letter to one of the papers. He writes:

"A police inspector of this city, to prevent immorality, places three policemen on continuous duty, each one serving eight hours, in front of an alleged disorderly house, so that in order to keep constant surveillance over the alleged disorderly premises one policeman is on duty continuously eight hours, making three policemen for the twenty-four hours.

"If the police of this city paid less attention to the moral conduct of its inhabitants and ceased in their efforts to detect hidden immorality and stop raiding outwardly respectable alleged disorderly hotels, they might have more time for crimes such as are occurring daily and nightly. and which go unpunished and, in 90 per cent. of all cases, undetected.

"It seems an outrage that a paid police force should consider itself the moral censors of the community while the most terrible crimes are committed daily and nightly. Isn't it about time to call a halt and make the police do real police duty, instead of devoting themselves to the nice, easy, safe job of raiding disorderly flats and hotels, arresting immoral women, and trying to regulate the personal lives and habits of the people of the town? *The police force never was intended for any such job and it should quit.*"

We agree with this Anarchistic conclusion!

* * *

THE spectacle of the British government begging and threatening Labor, turn by turn, driving the English workers into munition factories, ought to prove even to the least intelligent that the real battlefield of any war is and always will be on the field of Labor. Labor is the crux of the situation. But not only are the makers

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of munitions supporting the law. All the workers of the British Empire, the black miners of the Natal in South Africa who are killed off like flies, as well as even the laborers in the steel industries of the United States, the coal miners, the stokers, all are forced into the mad work of keeping up a war in which they have no interests at stake—the war of governments!

Yet we can wonder not so much at the stupidity of Labor, which has lost its own revolutionary direction, but only at the silence—let us hope that it is an enforced and not a voluntary silence—of that "militant minority" from which we have always expected so much. We admire silence, but not inactive silence. Some eloquent significant action might definitely illuminate the decrepit weakness of governments.

* * *

THE question of Limitation of Offspring is really getting too respectable for decent folk. Fancy such an ultra-respectable old lady as the New York Academy of Medicine going on record in favor of birth control! And, miracle of miracles! The Dean of Barnard proclaiming that a "lower birth rate is better for women."

No wonder Saint Anthony has been given the tip to get himself hence. Even the Postal Department has evidently been forced to see that the meddlesome creature is out of date and should be dishonorably retired.

To be sure, Anthony's dismissal is not going to wipe out the infamous law for which he is responsible. But it will do away with a zealot whose chief joy in life it was to wallow in obscenity. And that is something every thinking person in America has been longing for. Yet it was only one who had the courage, within recent years, to undermine the Comstockian foundation, and that was Margaret H. Sanger.

* * *

HUMBLY we direct the attention of our blatant American feminists to the part women are playing in the English situation. Those busy recruiters, the Pankhursts, have turned from militant suffragism to militant scabism. But it was only to be expected that those who have been the playthings of one illusion would fall victims to another—militant patriotism.

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IF ever there was any doubt that women clamoring for the vote had the same aim in view as all other politicians, the jingoism of the Pankhurst outfit should completely dispel it. Not only are these militants of militants hand in glove with the government, but they even go further in their chauvinistic frenzy.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, who assured her American audiences that woman suffrage would do away with war and make men as pure and moral as women, is now the most rabid advocate of conscription—a thing resented even by mere man.

At a recent mass-meeting in London, herself presiding, Mrs. Pankhurst introduced and secured the adoption of a resolution to the effect "that we men and women here assembled ask the government to establish obligatory war service for both men and women."

There we have the educational value of woman suffrage and its ennobling influence on men.

* * *

THE dismissal of Professor Scott Nearing from the University of Pennsylvania only serves to call attention to the fact that the majority of college professors are cowards. If they were even elementarily honest they would be ousted. It requires a great effort for us to believe that Scott Nearing is a great hero. Perhaps he is only normally honest. That is, of course, a mountainous virtue in academic circles.

* * *

WITH Italy joining the war, there arise fair prospects for the Austian and German soldiers to be killed by cannons made in Germany, the fact being that the Italian government has been a good customer of the Krupp firm which represents German Culture in its highest efficiency and sublimity.

To look at all these armies and peoples entering the universal slaughter house like driven cattle, still unable, after ten months of murdering one another, to see through the rotten bloody game of the governments, diplomatists, war speculators, munition manufacturers, tempts one to substitute for the honorable name people, the seemingly more appropriate word, cannibal.

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LABOR ON TRIAL

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

IT is well to be close to the field of events. Personal experience and observation are apt to reveal things hidden and obscure to the absent.

Alas, that some of the things revealed to me during my stay on the coast uncover one of the blackest and most tragic pages of labor's history, written in the blood of the McNamara Brothers.

If ever two men were deliberately sacrificed to the cause of labor, it was J. J. and J. B. McNamara. But the pity of it is that they were sacrificed unnecessarily, in criminal credulity, and—in vain.

Legally speaking, there was not a thread of positive evidence to convict the McNamaras. *Morally,* almost the whole labor and radical movement of America looked upon the accused men as the chosen victims of a capitalistic conspiracy to terrorize and strangle the growing militancy of the workers of the coast. The guilt of these men, even if convicted in a plutocratic court, would never have been believed by the great majority of people, nor their punishment tolerated meekly by the militant elements.

And *practically,* the sacrifice of the McNamaras, their plea of guilty, saved no one, besides doing incalculable injury to the cause of labor.

Why, then, were the McNamaras persuaded to plead guilty?

It was the same damnable factor that is responsible for the failure of so many near-won strikes and which paralyzes the direct, revolutionary activity of those most vitally interested in the struggle of labor.

It was the well-intentioned, smooth-lipped and suave-mannered intervention of bourgeois-minded naiveté in the fierce warfare of the classes.

The fundamental and inevitable antagonisms of labor and capital were to be talked out of existence by conference and arbitration, the interests of wolf and sheep in the industrial jungle were to be harmonized by soft promises, and all further prosecutions in connection with the Los Angeles *Times* explosion were to be dropped fortwith—and in this snare of murderous deceit

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and idiotic credulity were the McNamara boys trapped and are now expiating the fatal mistakes of the golden rule gospel in the dungeons of the penitentiary at San Quentin.

* * *

Has American labor learned the lesson? If not, two more men now awaiting trial in this city will be railroaded to prison or to the gallows, and after them four others against whom John Doe indictments are already pending, and then others and others.

But if labor *has* learned the lesson, then let us be done—once and for all—with the suicidal faith in the promises and justice of the vampire enemy that insatiously thirsts for the blood of labor.

Remember the Eleventh of November, remember Homestead, remember Cripple Creek, and McKees Rocks, and Lawrence and Paterson, and remember Bloody Ludlow!

To depend upon the "justice" of capitalistic courts toward men accused of faithful service in labor's warfare against wage slavery is worse than criminal. It is stupid to defend on the "innocence" of accused workers means not to understand the character or the spirit of the life-and-death struggle between masters and slaves. A wage peon can be guilty of no greater crime than loyalty and devotion to his class. A labor man before the courts of legal justice is convicted beforehand, by the very fact of his being a worker. For that itself is the most unpardonable crime. Not a single case can be cited in the last twenty years where any labor man has been acquitted in the courts because of innocence, or convicted because of guilt.

Think of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone; of Ettor and Giovannitti, of Aldamas and Tresca.

Not guilt nor innocence is the deciding factor. *The attitude of labor alone* weighs in the balance of capitalistic justice. The bold, solidaric front of the proletariat, the threatening gesture of aggressive action—that alone has power to check the craven enemy.

And remember John Lawson, the brave protector of women and children burned alive by Rockefeller fiends. *He* was innocent of the charge brought against him.

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Everyone knew he was innocent. Labor relied on his innocence for acquittal, and labor remained inactive. And John Lawson, protector of children in militia-fired tents, is now doomed to rot in prison to the end of his days.

Need cases be multiplied? Need I mention Ford and Suhr, Rangel, Cline, and the numerous other victims of legal justice, sacrificed on the altar of Mammon because of labor's faith in the "justice of the courts."

Shall we permit a similar repetition in the case of Schmidt and Caplan?

* * *

I visited them in the Los Angeles jail the other day. Two better representatives of militant labor one need not wish. Both are conscious, enlightened rebels of the proletariat, strong, reliant, full of the vigor of battle. Never before has there been such an opportunity to carry the class struggle into the courtroom. Never before, because of the lack of such men as defendants, has there been such an opportunity to fight their legal battle on the background of the great social drama, for their activity as soldiers of labor has been but one of the phases of the larger social regeneration and emancipation of the wage slave.

They call to us from the darkness of their cells. They call to every fellow worker struggling for a better day, to every man and woman who loves liberty and humanity. From behind their prison bars they call to each and every one of us to rally to the banner of oppressed and exploited labor in this great struggle for the right to fight for the conquest of bread. They call with strong, clarion voice,—*We've lived and fought for Labor. We beg no mercy, we expect no justice. We demand liberty!*

Will Labor rally to the cry?

RALLY TO THE DEFENSE OF CAPLAN AND SCHMIDT!

FIVE years ago Los Angeles was the scene of one of the bitterest struggles in the history of our country.

When under the pressure exerted by all the coercive

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agencies of police and judicial authority, and on the advice of sincere, but misguided humanitarians, the McNamara Brothers accepted living death and entered their plea of guilty, the public thought that the curtain had fallen upon the last act of the drama.

For bear in mind one of the conditions of the peace-pact entered into by those who fondly believed that the "Golden Rule" ought surely to work in the "City of the Angels," was that, as far as Los Angeles was concerned, all prosecutions growing out of the Labor War should cease.

The peace-pact has been broken. Los Angeles has thrown down the gauntlet and Labor, unafraid, has picked it up.

Let it be known, that those very elements, who hounded Clarence S. Darrow through two trials on the charge of jury fixing, are the very same whom we now brand publicly before the world with packing the Grand Jury that indicted the McNamaras as well as D. Caplan and M. Schmidt charged with complicity.

Here is the newly discovered sensational evidence, supported by numerous affidavits, which has been made the basis of a new motion to set aside the indictment, by Attorneys Fred Moore and Charles H. Fairall, for the defense.

No wonder that even Walter N. Drew, counsel for the National Erectors' Association, testified before the Federal Committee on Industrial Relations that they were not particularly proud of the Open Shop methods of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, of Los Angeles.

Here is the fac-simile of a letter from F. J. Zeehandelaar, secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, to Earl Rogers, specially hired prosecutor in the so-called dynamite conspiracy case, showing the long arm of Big Business cunningly concealed behind the solemn dignity *of our judicial machinery:*

Earl Rogers, Esq.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your inquiry of to-day, regarding standing of some of the Grand Jurymen to be selected to-morrow will state:

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F. S. Hughes, 325 W. 23d St., personal friend of mine, absolutely with us; E. H. Greppin, Manager Blake, Moffitt & Towne, former Director in this Association, O. K.; J. E. Carr, former partner of W. D. Stephens, but believe him to be on our side; H. H. Maberry, Alhambra, personal friend of mine, absolutely O. K.; John Blosser, supposed to be John Bloser, proprietor of Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, think he is alright; L. J. O. Spruanoe, O. K.; E. A. Forrester, strong Anti-union; Chas. A. Wier, one of our strongest admirers; H. J. Whitley, O. K.

I have no acquaintance with any of the other names drawn for jury duty.

Yours truly,

(Signed) F. J. ZEEHANDELAAR,
Secretary.

It proves beyond a doubt the contention of Labor men testifying before the Federal Committee on Industrial Relations how "Big Business" controls our judicial machinery. That the operations of the law, made mostly by lawyers in the interest of the ruling class, is so one-sided that workmen are fast losing hope of obtaining anything like justice by legal means, and it, therefore, frequently adopts revolutionary means to get at least a hearing before the bar of public opinion.

The very fact that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles found it necessary to pack the Grand Jury to make sure of getting indictments against Labor men have led many to believe that the McNamara plea of guilty was obtained under duress. Certain it is that the influence of police and judicial coercion aided by the slick blandishment of priests, the plausibility of the lawyers, the come-to-Jesus policy of the goodie-goodie reformers and of the peace-at-any-price do-nothing philosophers, forms a combination that probably few men could withstand.

Fortunately the men here in jail are of the type that cannot be swayed by any of the above mentioned influences.

Free from the common superstitions regarding church and State, they refuse to bargain their liberty at the expense of the cause they represent. When approached

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by emissaries with offers of a very light sentence in exchange for a plea of guilty, Schmitty's answer was an emphatic and scornful "NO! Not even to get off with a Ten Dollar fine." To which Caplan said, "AMEN."

These men were not prominent Labor leaders, conducting campaigns from the safety of their office chairs, —theirs was the hard life in Labor's blood-spattered trenches right on the front firing line.

They do not consider themselves individually—only as incidents in Labor's battle for industrial freedom.

They are willing that the battle be fought on radical labor lines, no matter what the consequences be to themselves. In this respect their bearing is positively heroic.

In the struggle for human liberty, men naturally differ as to the methods by which to obtain that end. Those of us who have progressed beyond the narrow vision of orthodox creeds have learned to respect and even admire the sincerity of men, though we may disagree with their views.

Men with ideals are worth saving.

Bear in mind, this is not a whining plea on the part of the defendants to be saved—they want none of that. It is a plea made by their friends, because we know their worth. We address ourselves to all labor and radical organizations who have an understanding of the social and economic problems of modern society. We do so because the conservative trade union element has proven itself lukewarm in this case.

Money is needed—desperately.

The daily press will not publish anything exposing the crookedness of the master class.

Get busy with editors of radical and labor papers, and get them to use this letter for publicity purposes.

Organize in your city or town Caplan and Schmidt Defense Committees, and by means of mass-meetings and protests help to rouse the public conscience.

Urge your trade union members to get action in their organization.

Induce your organization to contribute and call for energetic volunteers to get busy. Don't be satisfied with good intentions,—the road to Hell is paved with that

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kind of junk.

CAPLAN-SCHMIDT DEFENSE LEAGUE,
Executive Committee:
C. F. Grow,
Ed D. Nolan,
Tom Barker.

P. S.—Send all money to Tom Barker, Room 201, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Calif.

Address matters pertaining to inquiries, information and publicity to E. B. Morton, 712 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

CONCERNING ATROCITIES

By James Peter Warbasse

THE air is surcharged with atrocities. Incriminations and recriminations are hurled hither and thither by press, post, wire, and wireless. The Germans have been atrocious in Belgium; the Russians in East Prussia; the Austrians, in Servia; and the English—nowhere, because they have not been able to invade the enemies' country, but in their own country they got themselves into practice upon their own innocent girlhood before they set sail for virgin foreign fields. Atrocities are the order of the day. The crowning atrocity to date seems to be the sinking of the Lusitania.

As one views this holocaust of fire, rapine, plunder, debauchery, and murder, one must be impressed with the observation that the atrocities themselves are less dreadful than their common causes. The distressing fact is that the causes of all of these atrocities existed before the Great War, and perpetrated quite as great atrocities; and, what is still more distressing, they will continue to provoke atrocities after the war is over. The world is making the grievous error of isolating the acts of this war from the rest of social conduct as though it were something unusual, unexpected, cataclysmic, unique. We hear the expressions that this war is "the failure of civilization," or "the breakdown of Christianity," or "the debauchery of governments." How foolish are these expressions. How can that fail which has not succeeded? How can that break down which has not been built up?

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How can that become debauched which already is debauched and debauching?

There is no new principle nor unique manifestation in the Great War. The atrocities which the Germans have committed in Belgium are no greater than those unspeakable atrocities which the Belgians committed in the Congo. The atrocities which the Germans have committed against the English are incomparably trivial beside the brutalities which the English committed in the Sudan. As to the bestialities of the Russians in Eastern Prussia, Russia out-does them every day in times of peace against her own helpless people. The destruction by Germany of a hundred odd American citizens who were packed around a cargo of ammunition, is less atrocious than the atrocities which the United States perpetrates upon its own peaceful Indians.

The history of every one of these nations is a series of broken treaties and atrocities committed under the protection or by the instigation of government. Not one of these nations, which prates so glibly of the sins of the others, is taking a step to abandon its own atrociousness. They are all committing greater atrocities at home than abroad. The United States officially and by executive fiat went upon its knees with a heart full of hypocrisy, prayed for peace; and then rose from its knees and proceeded with the production of shot and shell, to be employed in killing men, women, and children—all manufactured and exported with the knowledge, co-operatioin and approval of that same Government which had ordered the prayers for peace. Now that same hypocrisy, which stood calmly by while men, women, and children in Colorado were murdered in the interest of a privileged property-owning class, threatens to sacrifice thousands more of American lives in a world war, as though that might atone for those already lost!

This war is something more than a ruling-class enterprise. It is an expression of the governments which are maintained in the interest of the privileged property-owning class, and which in their brutal zeal for the interests of their pet class have fallen at one anothers throats. Let us not make the mistake of holding German, English, French, Russian, or American human beings guilty.

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The people in all of these countries are better at heart than they act. The atrocities are more the atrocities of governments than of men and women. It has been government that has instigated and kept alive the militarism that has poisoned the minds of school children and now puts guns in their hands and sends them forth to commit atrocities.

Shooting men is not less of an atrocity than raping women, burning girls in Triangle fires, or drowning people at sea because of the inhuman quest for profits of a transatlantic transportation company. When the truth becomes known it will be discovered that the people who perished with the Lusitania could have been saved but for the ruthless disregard of means for saving lives which would have cost the company some small fraction of its profits.

Deprived of his liberty, coerced into becoming a wheel in a machine, which moves or stops at the word of command from the government above, the soldier and his doings are but the expressions of the State. In Belgium, it appears that the attacks upon non-combatants were instigated from above; they were manifestations of government. The free German, had he not been deprived of his liberties by the state, would prefer to remain at home, till his fields by day, and play with his children after supper.

There is one great atrocity in this wretched business of which we should not lose sight; that is the State. The State exists because there are privileged people, whose privileges would pass from them were they not protected by the powerful machinery of government. A privileged class means a class which enjoys advantages which others do not have; and there can be no class having advantages unless there is another class suffering disadvantages. The several governments, top-heavy with militarism, which they had built up for the protection of their privileged people, have toppled over into the vortex.

This is the historic fate of governments. It threatens to be the fate of the United States. When it becomes the interest of the privileged economic forces of the United States to have war with Mexico, we shall have it. At present our property-privileged class desires the

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exploitation of the markets of South America, and the natural and human resources of that virgin country. Hence the Monroe doctrine. But the Monroe doctrine is political buncombe, unless backed by a powerful navy. Still in the face of it our Government holds out to the world the hypocrisy that we are a non-belligerent nation. The day approaches when militarism will drag us into war, because the privileged interests require the State and the Monroe doctrine, and militarism is their natural offspring.

Hope lies in the abolition of the twin interests, privilege and the State, and supplanting them with a free society in which human brotherhood and mutual aid shall become the dominant forces.

ITALY ALSO!

BY E. MALATESTA

WE had hoped that the Italian workers would be able to resist the governing classes and affirm to the last their brotherhood with the workers of all countries, and their resolution to persevere in the struggle against the exploiters and oppressors, for the real emancipation of mankind. The fact that the great majority of Socialists and Syndicalists, and all the Anarchists (except a very few) were solid against war, added to the evident general disposition of the masses, gave us this hope that Italy would escape the massacre and keep all her forces for the works of peace and civilization.

But, alas! no. Italy, too, has been dragged into the slaughter. The same Italians who were oppressed and famished in the country of their birth, and were compelled very often to go and earn their bread in far-off lands; the same Italians who to-morrow will be famished and compelled to emigrate again, are now killing and being killed in defence of the interests and ambitions of those who deny them the right to work and live a decent life.

It is astonishing and humiliating to see how easily the masses can be deceived by the coarsest lies!

All these dreary months the Italian capitalists have been enriching themselves by selling at enhanced prices

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to Germany and Austria an immense quantity of things useful for the war. The Italian Government has been trying to sell to the Central Empires Italian neutrality in exchange for more additions to the dominions of the Savoyan King. And now, because they could not obtain all they wanted, and have found it more advantageous to cast in their lot with the Allies, they speak, with brazen face, as if they were disinterested knights-errant, of the defence of civilization and the vindication of "poor Belgium." Yet their mask is very transparent. They say that they go to war for the liberation of the peoples from foreign domination, and they try to inflame the young men with the glories of the Italian struggle against the Austrian tyranny; but they try to crush into submission the Arabs of Tripoli, they want to keep the Greek islands "provisionally" occupied at the time of the war with Turkey, they ask for territories and privileges in Asia Minor, they occupy a part of Albania, which certainly is not Italian in any sense of the word, and pretend to annex Dalmatia, where the Italians are only a small percentage of the population. Really, they pretend to have a claim on every country which they have, or think they have, the power to take and keep. One place ought to belong to Italy because it was once conquered by the Romans of yore, another because there was a Venetian counting-house there, another because it is inhabited by many Italian immigrants, another because it is necessary for military security; and every other place in the world because it may be useful to the development of Italian commerce.

But there is nothing astonishing in this: Governments and the dominating classes in every country have always invoked international justice when they were weak; but as soon as they are, or think they are, strong enough, they begin to dream of universal domination. They protest now against the domineering spirit of the Germans, but as a matter of fact they are all "Germans."

What seems less natural, and is more disheartening, in Italy is the conduct of the Republicans. They affected to put above all the quesiton of the form of government; for them the first, the all-important question was the abolition of the Monarchy. But it has been sufficient to

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appeal to their national passions, and all their desire of liberty, all their hatred against the House of Savoy, has disappeared. They have done their utmost to resuscitate in the masses the old ideal of patriotism, which was developed in the time when national independence seemed to be the means for attaining emancipation from poverty and bondage, and which had decayed in consequence of the experience that a national government is as bad as a foreign one. They have raised the cry "War or Revolution" and when the King, perhaps to save himself from the revolution, has declared war, they have put themselves in the mass at the service of the King. What, then, about the Republic? Many of them still say that they want war in order to facilitate the revolution; but what nonsense! If Italy is victorious, certainly it will be to the exclusive advantage of the Monarchy; and, on the other hand, we cannot conceive that the Republicans would be capable of the infamy of pushing the people into war with the secret hope that they would be beaten and their country invaded and devastated.

We do not know, for want of reliable information, the present situation in Italy, and what are the true factors that have determined so quick a change in her attitude. But one redeeming feature is revealed by the news received in London.

The Italian Government has felt that it was not safe to make war without suppressing every liberty, and putting in prison a great number of Anarchists.

This means that the Anarchists remain loyal to their flag to the last, and, what is more important, that the Government fears their influence on the masses.

This gives us the assurance that as soon as the war fever has calmed down we will be able to begin again our own war—the war for human liberty, equality, and brotherhood—and in better conditions than before, because the people will have had another experience, and what a terrible one! That from the Government can be expected only injustice, misery, and oppression, and then, as a change, slaughterings on a colossal scale; that patriotism, nationalism, racial rivalry are only means for enslaving the workers, and that their salvation lies in the abolition of Government and Capitalism.

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THE PRESS

By Michael A. Cohn, M. D.

TO turn to Mother Earth from our New York newspapers and magazines is to me like reaching a blossoming oasis for the parched pilgrim in a Sahara.

I presume you are aware that they always print "all the news that's fit to print" and nothing else. And that paper in particular, New York's holy oracle, is perfectly correct in taking that phrase for its motto. All the news that's fit to print and suits the traction interests of the Belmonts and Rothschilds who own it.

Mind you, they speak only of fit news. They never claim that they print the truth, that they uphold justice and righteousness. Do our newspapers ever print anything against the Morgans, Schiffs and Rockefellers? No. That would be news unfit to print and it wouldn't pay. Have you ever seen anything happen in Macy's, Wanamaker's or Gimbels? Nothing ever happens there. The other day a passenger elevator dropped from a great height. People were injured fatally, one dying on the spot. It happened in a department store. The reporter never heard about it.

A salesgirl dropped dead from overwork. There was a fire in one of the big stores, a riot, a panic, a strike of the drivers. Silence in court. Nothing must ever happen to the patrons, stockholders and advertisers of our great newspapers and magazines.

And the raven said: "All the news that's fit to print." "If you see it in the 'Sun' it's so."

The other day during a parade of the unemployed in Brownsville, a Wanamaker auto truck killed a child and injured two others. But you couldn't find the name of the auto on the police blotter or in the English papers. The Jewish papers had it. Wanamaker doesn't patronize them.

Oh, they are clever, these inkslingers! They serve their master well, these flunkeys of the linotype. And their style is easy, graceful, catching. Their stuff is like the

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cuisine of a French chef—all froth and foam, but no substance.

Newspaper writers have no names, not even pseudonyms or initials. They are nonentities. Nameless fellows never get swelled heads. They are more nearly made into puppets in the hands of the business managers in the paper's "throne room." All individuality, principle, character and idealism are taboo in a modern newspaper. Mention them and you go flying from the staff. At the entrance of every office should be a warning to the whole goosequill fraternity: "Leave your souls behind, all ye who enter here."

And there is many a genius amongst them, many a fiery soul full of noble ambition and lofty ideals. They have the power to enlighten humanity, to emancipate the race from its thraldom. They are the power behind the throne, the moulders of public opinion. They are feared in the pulpit as on the platform. They make and unmake legislators, governors, senators and presidents. They can deliver the innocent from the gallows and open the dungeons to the murderer. "The pen is mightier than the sword" was never more true than to-day.

But the pen as well as the sword are wielded by the selfish and the sordid to get wealth, position, power for themselves and beggary, degradation, death and destruction to those who dare oppose them. The nations are ruled by the newspapers, who in turn are ruled by the sceptre of gold.

Who is the editor of a modern paper? Nobody. What's his power? Nothing. The policy of the press is dictated by the millionaire proprietors through the medium of a business manager. The Standard Oil Company controls the multitude of papers and magazines, not only in this country, but all over the civilized world. So does the steel company, the Morgan Company (the N. Y. *Sun*, etc.). So do the railroads, the coal companies, the gas, telegraph and telephone companies and all the other powerful corporations, who virtually own the earth, the seas and the rulers and guardians thereof. Through the printed word they guide the destinies of the nations.

Carlyle quotes Edmund Burke: "There are three estates in Parliment, but in the reporter's gallery yonder

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there sits a fourth estate more important far than they all."

The more the pity. With such power, with such talents, to prostitute their divine souls! With a truly inspired press they could proclaim freedom in all the lands within a fortnight. But they sold their souls for a mess of pottage and for ever serve the devil most devoutly. Who worships at the shrine of Mammon more reverently than these inky prostitutes?

Give them stories; never mind facts. Scandals, strong, spicy, sensual and sensational. An elopment of society's elite, a divorce trial, a suit for the alienation of some millionaire's affections, a suicide of some prominent molycoddle profligate, or a murder *a la* White. And the more prominent the scandalists the more these muckrackers smack their lips. Except when it concerns one of their own advertisers, stockholders or mortagees, when the best writeups go to the waste basket with immediate dismissal of the poor penny-a-liner, who thought he had made a tremendous scoop.

Scoops is what they always strive for. Some great sensation before the rest of the pen-pushers get hold of it. The city editors are continually on the alert for brilliant feats, world-beating stories, blood stirring events, great interviews, no matter how fictitious.

In every newspaper office there is a notice to the reporters how to evade the libel laws. Say "rumor has it." "they say," or put an interrogative mark at the end of your statement of scandal about So and So. Anyway, libel suits are seldom brought, as they never go against the mighty newspaper. Everybody is afraid of it. The witnesses, lawyers, jurymen, as well as the judges themselves. And the other papers stand ready to help their brother in distress, thus creating public opinion for the defendant and against the "criminal" plaintiff.

The press has built up an oligarchy of wealth and power in lieu of an alleged republic of free men. No man can start a real great daily unless he is a millionaire or has millions to back him.

In the time of Warren Hastings, a century and a half ago, Burke charged in the House of Commons that about twenty thousand pounds had been used in bribing the press. There are no Burkes to-day. And what would a

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paltry twenty thousand amount to nowadays to bribe the modern press with?

They tell of the London *Times* that its business office had no doors to the editorial rooms. But that was the past. The Walter family who founded the *Times* some hundred and forty years ago own it no longer. Gone are the days when no money could buy space for ads that were not strictly ethical, and when no amount of advertising could gain the support of that most influential of the world's newspapers.

In "The Career of a Journalist," William Salisbury relates how "once, when Barnum's circus was in London, it offered a big ad to the *Times*. The exaggerated wording caused it to be rejected by the proprietors. A great sum of money was then offered. The proprietors considered the matter for a while and then sent back word that the only way that ad could be got into the paper was 'to buy the *Times*, and that it is not for sale.'"

However, if you were to see the voluminous supplements of the London *Times* published solely in the interest of and for the purpose of boosting the political and commercial affairs of Russia long before this war ever started, you would no longer doubt the venality of even the great London *Times*.

Of course here the rate for ads and texts are cheaper. In England you will ocasionally pay a big fine or go to jail for libel even though you are a newsman. But then, please remember these respectable folks, any more than the politicians, are not in the penslinging business for their health. They will tell you so with the most brutal frankness of the cynicism, characteristic of their noble profession.

Surely, the pirates of modern plutocracy must needs have the spiritual shield of the press, the teacher and the preacher as well as the physical protection of the soldier and the hangman.

Who needs your soul, anyway, as long as you help along the circulation and the advertising rates? All this liberty and equality business is mere mummery. The people are jackasses. Else they wouldn't have tolerated such doings for one single day. They deserve what they get and get what they deserve—in literature, government as well as

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in material things. When was freedom ever made for slaves?

So the whole structure of our yellow journalism was built upon fabrication, distortion and extortion. No enlightenment or uplift nonsense. Thrill them, amuse them, shock and charm the dear people. Give these grown up babies pop and dope aplenty and you can bluff and humbug them all the time.

Truth, justice, fairplay, virtue? Go to! A newspaper corporation is just as soulless as any other corporation and more. They dabble in souls galore. What is honor to them? They are vultures and divide up with the other birds of prey whatever is gathered on the battlefields, political, social and economic.

"War or no war, our motto is and always was: Business is business." Thus ran the signs in the big windows of the London shops last August. And a fine motto it is indeed. It should be framed in gold and preserved for the glorious future. Business is business; war is business and peace is business, and literature, and religion and marriage and art and science and everything else.

Ye children of heaven, wake up! Are you still dreaming of liberating humanity, of the equality of the races and the fraternity of the classes?

FREE SPEECH IN SAN DIEGO

By George Edwards.

AT last there is free speech in San Diego! June 20th was the date of triumph, and the proof of it was three big speeches by Emma Goldman to as many large and enthusiastic audiences. This is how it happened:

Immediately after the barbarous occurrences of three years ago, when Dr. Reitman was tarred, feathered, and branded, in the back, and Miss Goldman was carried forcibly to the train without being allowed to speak, a little band of indignant people drew together and formed a loose organization called "The Open Forum." A. Lyle de Jarnette was the chairman, and the meetings were held every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, to avoid conflict with the chairman's morning and evening serv-

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ices at a little Baptist Church, for in those days they called him "reverend." The meetings were a success from the start, and membership grew to several hundreds; so two years ago, Mr. de Jarnette severed his connection with the church, and started morning meetings, too, at eleven o'clock. Nothing is more phenomenal than the intellectual evolution of this beautiful Soul—witness the subject of his "sermon" the Sunday before Miss Goldman spoke (this month): "No God, No Master." Some distance, is it not, for a Baptist minister to go in three years?

Well, Miss Goldman having received from the writer an announcement of the Open Forum's work, wrote quickly back: "Tell me about the Open Forum. Is it really open?" I said, "I think it is. I wish you would test it and find out." So I asked those in authority—my brother for one, Mr. de Jarnette for another—and invariably the answer came: "You bet the Forum's open!"

And so we arranged the meetings at our regular hours, eleven and four, Sunday, June 20th. The first newspaper announcement was that Miss G. was coming to our exposition! The second that Walter Moore (one of the bitterest of the Vigilantes of 1912, who was this year elected to the council) had proposed in council meeting that $3,000 be appropriated by the city to entertain Miss Goldman while in San Diego! This was interpreted variously, but most of us preferred to believe it was a jocular method of abandoning his former unreasonable position—especially since it is well known locally that he is an incorrigible joker. No more announcements were made, but then began a persistent stream of visits from Open Forum members to the newly elected mayor (who was understood to be the most liberal ever serving in San Diego) and to the chief of police, to know if this time the police department was to be on the side of "law and order" or merely messenger boys for the vigilantes. I happened to be the last of these callers, on a day when it was decided by the mayor to make a public statement of his policy, that Miss G. would of course be allowed to speak, like any other lecturer, and that anyone who made a disturbance should be immediately attended to by the police.

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On the day before the event, a little trouble was made by the society from whom the Forum had been renting the hall for three years. But as Mr. de J. informed them that we should of course go ahead anyway at this late date, no more was heard from them, though it was not certain that they would not interfere even to the last moment.

Every precaution was taken to insure success. Miss Goldman came by auto from Los Angeles, leaving there after a Saturday night lecture, arriving in San Diego at 5 a. m. of the morning she was to speak at eleven. Miss Fitzgerald and Mr. Capes came with her. Mr. Malmed and Mr. Berkman had preceded them by two days. Mr. Malmed's surprise, by the way, that San Diego people were not all carrying weapons, and that they did not look like highwaymen, afforded some of us considerable amusement.

There is nothing more to say, except to report the lectures. For there was not the slightest trouble at the hall, even though many of the members had come as early as 8:30 to be ready for any difficulties. The morning lecture was on Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." (This is the lecture that she had twice before attempted to give.) The afternoon lecture was on Nietszche and the War, and at night she talked informally on the Sanger case. Berkman, with larger experience than I, agreed with me that Miss G. never spoke so well as in the War lecture. The enthusiasm was tremendous.

The party left in San Diego a lot of Anarchist literature, and a goodly number of subscriptions were taken.

The triumph was big for the Open Forum and for Miss Goldman, but some of us did not forget that, except for the actual suffering of a number of great Souls three years ago, this triumph could not have been. Mr. Kirk and Mr. McKee have spent six months in the county jail during that time. Mr. Sauer, the brave editor of the San Diego *Herald,* was injured brutally by the vigilantes before the well known visit of Reitman and Miss Goldman. Others have suffered financially and socially, but out of the fire has come the intellectual salvation not only of the martyrs, but of all the inhabitants

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of the city—a kind of real vicarious atonement in which not even "belief" is necessary for participation in the fruits thereof.

AGITATION EN VOYAGE

THE panorama of life continues, with increasing pace. Since last I wrote, Milwaukee, Madison, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Denver have passed in rapid succession. Everywhere the main interest seems to center about the war and the problem of birth control —two subjects more intimately related than most people realize.

In Milwaukee the lecture was arranged by our Yiddish comrades. The following morning I hastened to Madison, Wis., where I lectured twice before large audiences of students, and left the same night for Minneapolis.

I felt a little doubtful of success in that city, because our good worker Ruth Olsen had been called out of town, and Ben Reitman was unable to reach there in advance. But our friends Ada Wolfe and Caspar Richman amply made up for the lack of numbers. As a result we had splendid meetings, both in point of attendance and quality.

The St. Paul lectures were arranged by the Liberal Alliance League, the main workers being Alexander and Price. The meetings here were not as large as those in Minneapolis. But, then, St. Paul is a Catholic stronghold and extremely reactionary. Nevertheless the first meeting where I discussed the Modern School and the Child was very spirited. What a pity a chain of Ferrer schools cannot be started throughout the country. The dissatisfaction with the old régime and the interest in modern methods of education ought to prove fertile soil. But where are the American Francisco Ferrers and where the Mlles. Meunier to back the Modern School movement?

Denver is always worth while, especially because of the splendid group of friends there. Nowhere else is there such an atmosphere of good comradeship as in the Rocky Mountain city. Such as Frank and Lena Monroe, John Spiss, Ellen Kennan, Gertrude Nafe, May

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Courtney, Citrou and all the other friends make one forget that in radical ranks also are full of strife and petty jealousies. Denver is the one choice spot where the American Anarchists, at any rate, are almost as one in the spirit of solidarity, which is the more remarkable because they have their differences in ideas.

Ellen Kennan, with the help of the others, prepared the meetings, with the result that we had good audiences every evening, the largest being at the lecture on the "Limitation of Offspring."

The visit closed with a social gathering which brought together all those friends whom it is impossible to meet and know during a brief stay of five days.

Above all I enjoyed the gracious hospitality of Ellen Kennan. How few people are familiar with the old, lost art of entertaining without making one feel bound and cramped. Ellen Kennan is indeed an artist, sensitive to every mood of her guest and knowing how to minister to her guests as few people really know. It was a treat such as falls but rarely to the lot of the propagandist en voyage.

The one discord in the harmony of Denver was the John Lawson protest meeting arranged by the workers of Denver. Poor John Lawson, there is little hope for you if such public gatherings are to open the doors of your prison!

In the first place it was the utter lack of publicity and agitation which sent John Lawson to prison for life. But bad as silence is in such a case, it yet speaks louder than the inane speeches of Congressman Buchanan or the incoherent tongue-wagging of some of the Denver female politicians. The whole farce substantiated the unwitting confession of McKenzie King before the Industrial Commission, namely that "the will and conscience of young Mr. John D. Rockefeller is more powerful in Colorado than any other force that can be brought to bear at this time." Only with labor completely cowed by this sinister force could such a spiritless and stupid public protest take place as the meeting for John Lawson.

The more remarkable is the one public personality in the Rockefeller owned town, Denver, Judge Ben B.

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Lindsay, attacked and cordially hated by all sides, he yet stands out a refutation of the idea that one must be corrupted and brutalized, even against his will. But, then, sincerity—as well as the lack thereof—hath its price. Judge Lindsay is beginning to see that even with the best intentions one cannot do truly big and humane things on the bench, through the cruel channel of the courts. That will in the end cost him his position. But it will also profit him his peace of mind and bring him freedom of action—two things well worth a judgeship.

About California, in our next issue, as we are only now closing in Los Angeles. But knowing as I do how eager our readers are to learn about San Diego, an account of it appears on another page by the bravest man in San Diego, George Edwards. The recital of my own impressions I must reserve for a later date. The whole affair is still too vivid to write about. I only know it has happened. I actually have spoken in San Diego! Once more the town looked human.

Our meetings in San Francisco open July 4, at Scottish Rite Hall, Van Ness avenue and Sutter street. Subjects: Sunday, July 4, 8 p. m., "The Psychology of War"; Monday, July 5, 8 p. m., "The Misconceptions of Free Love"; Tuesday, July 6, 8 p. m., "War and the 'Sacred Right of Property'"; Wednesday, July 7, 8 p. m., "Jealousy—Its Cause and Possible Cure"; Thursday, July 8, 8 p. m., "The Betrayal of the Spirit of the International"; Friday, July 9, 8 p. m., "The Follies of Feminism" (A criticism of the Modern Woman's Movement); Saturday, July 10, 8 p. m., "The Immorality of Prohibition and Continence"; Sunday, July 11, 3 p. m., "The Philosophy of Anarchism"; Sunday, July 11, 8 p. m., "Billy Sunday and His 'Power'"; Monday, July 12, 8 p. m., "Monogamy or Variety—Which?"; Tuesday, July 13, 8 p. m., "The Sham of Culture"; Wednesday, July 14, 8 p. m., "Women and War"; Friday, July 16, 8 p. m., "The Modern School and the Child"; Saturday, July 17, 8 p. m., "The Intermediate Sex" (A discussion of Homosexuality); August 4, in Portland; August 11, in Seattle.

Mail will reach me till end of July at General De-

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livery, San Francisco. Comrades and groups within easy reach of the Bay City wishing for dates will please communicate with me at once.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE

FLEE, my friend, into thy solitude! I see thee deafened with the noise of the great men, and stung all over with the stings of the little ones.

Admirably do forest and rock know how to be silent with thee. Resemble again the tree which thou lovest, the broad-branched one—silently and attentively it o'erhangeth the sea.

Where solitude endeth, there beginneth the market-place; and where the market-place beginneth, there beginneth also the noise of the great actors, and the buzzing of the poison flies.

In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those representers, the people call great men.

Little do the people understand what is great—that is to say, the creating agency. But they have a taste for all representers and actors of great things.

Around the devisers of new values revolveth the world:—invisibly it revolveth. But around the actors revolve the people and the glory: such is the course of things.

Spirit hath the actor, but little conscience of the spirit. He believeth always in that wherewith he maketh believe most strongly—in himself!

To-morrow he hath a new belief, and the day after, one still newer. Sharp perceptions hath he, like the people, and changeable humors.

To upset—that meaneth with him to prove. To drive mad—that meaneth with him to convince. And blood is counted by him as the best of all arguments.

A truth which only glideth into fine ears, he calleth falsehood and trumpery. Verily, he believeth only in Gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of clattering buffoons is the market-place,—and the people glory in their great men! These are for them the masters of the hour.

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But the hour presseth them: so they press thee. And also from thee they want Yea and Nay. Alas! thou wouldst set thy chair betwixt For and Against?

On account of those absolute and impatient ones, be not jealous, thou lover of truth! Never yet did truth cling to the arm of an absolute one.

On account of those abrupt ones, return into thy security: only in the market-place is one assailed by Yea? or Nay?

Slow is the experience of all deep fountains: long have they to wait until they know what hath fallen into their depths.

Away from the market-place and from fame taketh place all that is great: away from the market-place and from fame have ever dwelt the devisers of new values.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude: I see thee stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee thither, where a rough, strong breeze bloweth!

Flee into thy solitude! Thou hast lived too closely to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Towards thee they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise no longer an arm against them! Innumerable are they, and it is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.

Innumerable are the small and pitiable ones: and of many a proud structure, rain-drops and weeds have been the ruin.

Thou are not stone: but already thou hast become hollow by the numerous drops. Thou wilt yet break and burst by the numerous drops.

Exhausted I see thee, by poisonous flies; bleeding I see thee and torn in a hundred spots; and thy pride will not even upbraid.

Blood they would have from thee in all innocence: blood their bloodless souls crave for—and they sting, therefore, in all innocence.

But thou, profound one, thou sufferest too profoundly even from small wounds: and ere thou hadst recovered, the same poison worm crawled over thy hand.

Too proud are thou to kill these sweet tooths. But take care lest it be thy fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around thee also with their praise: obtrusive-

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ness, is their praise. They want to be close to thy skin and thy blood.

They flatter thee as one flattereth a God or devil; they whimper before thee, as before a God or devil. What doth it come to! Flatterers are they, and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often, also, do they show themselves to thee as amiable ones. But that hath ever been the prudence of the cowardly. Yea! the cowardly are wise!

They think much about thee with their circumscribed souls—thou are always suspected by them! Whatever is much thought about is at last thought suspicious.

They punish thee for all thy virtues. They pardon thee in their inmost hearts only—for thine errors.

Because thou art gentle and of upright character, thou sayest: "Blameless are they for their small existence." But their circumscribed souls think: "Blamable is all great existence."

Even when thou art gentle towards them, they still feel themselves despised by thee; and they repay thy beneficence with secret maleficence.

Thy silent pride is always counter to their taste: they rejoice if once thou be humble enough to be frivolous.

What we recognize in a man, we also irritate in him. Therefore be on your guard against the small ones!

In thy presence they feel themselves small, and their baseness gleameth and gloweth against thee in invisible vengeance.

Sawest thou not how often they became dumb when thou approachedst them, and how their energy left them like the smoke of an extinguishing fire?

Yea, my friend, the bad conscience art thou of thy neighbors: for they are unworthy of thee. Therefore, they hate thee, and would fain suck thy blood.

Thy neighbors will always be poisonous flies: what is great in thee—that itself must make them more poisonous, and always more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude—and thither, where a rough strong breeze bloweth. It is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

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LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING

Review of Dr. Wm. J. Robinson's Book

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

THIS is a book that could not have come at a more opportune time. The country-wide interest aroused by the Sanger cases has called attention to the subject of contracepts more forcibly than anything else. Dr. Robinson's book is therefore sure of a large sale. But aside of its momentary significance it contains much valuable material for those who are eager for a popular exposition on the subject of limitation of offspring, especially as to whether or not contracepts are injurious, whether they lead to immorality, and a hundred and one other questions asked by people still in the net of superstition. The arguments contained in the book should convince the most obdurate opponents. The remedies offered appear on perfectly blank pages—a very ingenious way of focussing the attention of the reader upon the infamous law.

What a pity that the author should allow his personal vanity to run riot and thus considerably detract from the sincerity of the work! By his boast of being the pioneer in America in the propaganda for the limitation of offspring, and that the *Critic and Guide* was and is the first journal to advocate the matter, he exposes himself to the charge of either gross ignorance or willful misrepresentation.

Is it possible that Dr. Robinson does not know that the agitation for birth control began nearly 40 years ago in this country, and that such publications as the *Word*, by Hayworth; *Lucifer*, by Moses Harman, subsequently published as the *American Journal of Eugenics; Fair Play*, by E. C. Walker; the *Firebrand* and *Free Society*, by A. Isaac, and numerous other publications, have advocated birth control long before the *Critic and Guide* was ever heard of, not to mention the fact that MOTHER EARTH has since 1906 carried on a similar propaganda. Is it possible that the Doctor does not know, further, that Hayworth, Harman and others have repeatedly paid for their courage with their liberty, and that Ida Craddock paid for it with her life. It is hardly reasonable

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to assume that he is ignorant of these historic data, since it would stamp him as utterly incompetent to speak as teacher, which is the author's chief claim.

If, on the other hand, he is aware of the great pioneers of the movement, and yet persists to speak of himself as the only honest-to-god authority, he is willfully ignoring the group of American men and women who have faced danger and obloquy so that Dr. William J. Robinson may now reap the fruit.

Even one's exaggerated bump of conceit should not make one so ungenerous to those who have preceded us, nor yet so utterly lacking in a sense of justice to our contemporaries.

This brings me to the author's criticism of "the extreme radical who attempts to defy the law by distributing circulars about the prevention of conception." He assures us that "such a very foolish thing would accomplish nothing." Yet it is precisely such foolish action of an extreme radical which has already assisted in the downfall of Anthony Comstock and put life into the Academy of Medicine and such ultra conservative papers as *Harper's Weekly* and the New York *Times*. It was Margaret H. Sanger who has aroused the country to the issue of limitation of offspring.

Apart from the author's exaggerated ego, "Limitation of Offspring" is well worth while, especially because of the brilliant, instructive and deeply human contribution by Professor Jacobi, which Dr. Robinson wisely reprinted from the *Critic and Guide*.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

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